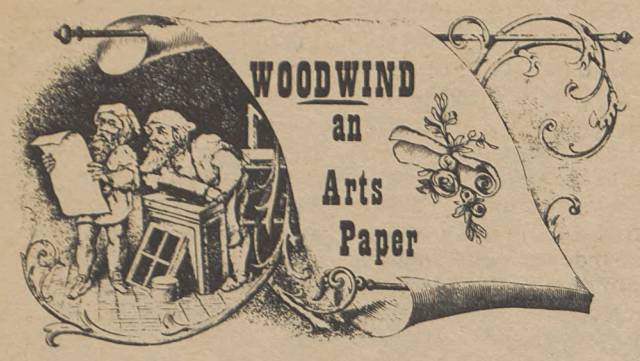
Woodwind

AN ARTS PAPER WASHINGTON, D.C FREE



1318 35th Street, N.W. Washington, D.C. 20007

(202)965-9650

VOLUME III
Number 7

January
24
1972

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COVER: By Patrick; is a drawing of Sue Ellan, who says she always wanted to be on the cover of a magazine.

The first meeting of the Artists and Architects Council of Washington was held Thursday, January 20, at the Metropolitan Washington Planning & Housing Association. The purpose for which the AAC is being formed is to try to bring together the talent and creativity of Washington's artists and architects and to meld them together in making Washington a "human-spirited place in which to live."

This Council arose from the suggestion of Wolf Von Eckardt that, "such a group could catalyze and encourage artistic initiatives for the urban environment." and, by so doing, could "stimulate fairs and celebrations among artists and performers. According to Lawrence S. Stinchcomb, Board Member of the MWPHA, "This could also include the execution of buildings, paintings, outdoor film festivals and pottery fairs, etc. The council could advocate preservation and promote aesthetic quality in center city development. It could give technical assistance to neighborhood constituencies and could come up with imaginative ideas for uses of existing space within the city."

At this, the organization meeting, were The Workshop, Don't Tear It Down, The D.C. Gazette, Woodwind, many prominent architects and artists, as well as the Kennedy Center, the Mayor's Office, Government Agencies, and Parks For All Seasons.

We feel that many positive steps came out of this meeting and will report on them in future issues.

WOODWIND is a community oriented arts paper, and in being so one of our primary functions is to publish new local artists and writers. If you are interested in having your work published please mail it in or give us a call. We are particularly interested in fiction, art reviews and short features. Poetry is not ruled out, but we have a huge backlog.

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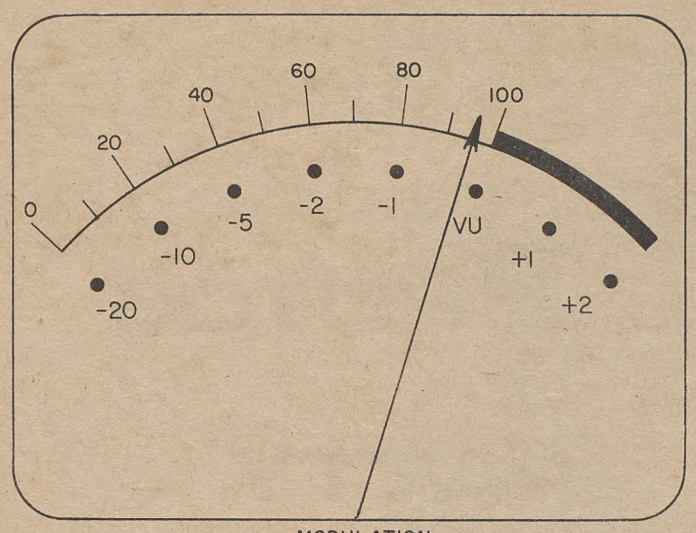
By Kirk Cheyfitz



MODULATION

PACIFICA FOUNDATION

It would appear, at this hour, that after nearly four years of charges, countercharges, argument, and delay, the Federal Communications Commission may very well be on the verge of granting the Pacifica Foundation a license to operate a new educational broadcast service in Washington.

Pacifica started about 25 years ago when a group of educators and professional people in Berkely, California got together and decided that the Berkely community needed a radio station that, in their words, would be "more than just a background listening habit." They wanted programming that would present important issues of public concern, that would give a voice to all political segments no matter how far left or right, that would play fine recorded music, that would give local artists a chance to air their original work in either drama, music, or literature, and that would do all this completely free from the pressures of advertisers or institutional sponsors.

To further this end they formed the Pacifica Foundation as a non-profit educational foundation, the sole purpose of which is to set up and run radio broadcast services. The method they chose for financing their station was then, and continues to be unique in the broadcast industry to Pacifica stations. They call it "listener sponsored radio". It means that the operating costs of the station are met by selling subscriptions to the station program guide to individual listeners. This subscription revenue is supplemented when necessary by marathon fund-raising drives; but again contributions are accepted only from individuals and cannot be tied in any way to requests for any particular type of programming, no matter how right-minded that request might seem at the time.

In 1949, Pacifica established radio KPFA in Berkeley. The community responded, subscribed, and KPFA has been broadcasting continually for the past 23 years. In 1958, a group from Los Angeles approached Pacifica about starting a similar facility there. The result was KPFK. In 1960, WBAI, New Yorks's listener supported station, was initiated after an individual donated the necessary equipment and studio space to Pacifica. The most recent Pacifica station was started by local people in Houston, in 1969.

In early 1968, a group of Washington area residents asked Pacifica if they would consider operating a station here. An engineering study was done to determine the availability of a broadcast frequency in the FM band. 89.3 FM was discovered to be unoccupied. In April of 1968, Pacifica applied to the FCC for a license to construct a broadcast tower and facilities to transmit on this frequency in the Washington area.

While the FCC retired for a few months to consider the matter, an organization calling itself the National Education Foundation made an application for the same frequency. NEF is wholly supported by the Church of Christ and purposed to program considerable religious material as well as "20-30%" educational programming. NEF further filed petitions charging Pacifica with a host of violations including irresponsibility, violation of the fairness doctrine, the unbridled use of four-letter words, and the promotion of race hatred.

Almost all of the specific incidents upon which NEF's charges were based arose out of a series of programs on WBAI in New York. The series was run during the teacher's union strike in 1969 and concerned itself with the growing schism between the black and Jewish communities (It's important to realize that the children most affected by the teacher's strike were predominantly ghetto blacks and browns and the majority of the teachers, including Albert Shanker, the union president, were Jewish.) During the course of the series, a great deal of what might fairly be termed "black anti-semitism" surfaced. In particular, a black teacher read a poem by one of his black students that has been widely quoted and formed the basis for a petition to the FCC to deny WBAI a renewal of its license. (It may be noted that the poem was most often quoted out of context, most recently in the Washington Post, no mention being made of the nature of the program series of which it was part.) The FCC denied this petition and ruled that WBAI had violated no FCC regulation or statute in law.

Accordingly, the FCC, referring back to its own earlier decisions, ruled out the charges made by the NEF as a basis to deny Pacifica a license in Washington. The FCC further denied NEF's application for a license on the basis that the NEF is a "religious, not an educational" organization. The frequency in contention is one reserved for educational broadcasting.

At the most recent hearing before the FCC, in Sept., 1971, both Pacifica and the NEF were represented by counsel. Pleading an overburdened case-load, the examining officer for the FCC postponed any further hearings until February 8, 1972. It was made clear, however, that the issue in contention, apart from a technical point of eligibility, was which of the parties would best serve the needs of the public. It was further noted by the examining officer at that hearing that such a determination was almost impossible and would certainly lead to extended litigation. It was suggested that private negotiation between the parties might be the most expeditious answer.

George Douglas, representing the NEF, said at that September hearing that negotiations were in fact in progress but that they were moving slowly because the director of the NEF was "either in Europe or the Carribbean." Sources close to the NEF have recently stated, though, that those negotiations are still going forward and that the NEF will very soon withdraw its application, apparently upon payment by Pacifica to the NEF of a sum in consideration of the legal expenses incurred by them in filing.

So, four years later, the case has seemingly gone full circle and returned to the beginning again. Pacifica stands alone before the FCC applying for a construction license and, ultimately, a broadcast license.

I spoke with Bob Kuttner, past station manager of WBAI and prospective manager of Pacifica's Washington station, and asked what one might expect if Pacifica were to go on the air locally. "About 20% of our programming is fine music and experimental music", he said, "We'll be doing original radio drama and readings for children. We'll have 45 minutes of news every day. We're the only U.S. radio station that uses the French and Reuters newswire services in addition to the AP and UPI. After the news every day there'll be anywhere from 30 to 90 minutes of commentary and documentary." He went on to say that the segment of programming that has given Pacifica the "lunatic fringe label" actually amounts to only five hours a week. "These five hours", he said, "are given over to statements of opinion or other presentations from members of the community. We give them the air time, uncensored, with the understanding that they can say anything as long as it's not going to lose us our license." He noted that among the groups recently given their own air time on WBAI were "Young Americans For Freedom, members of the SDS militant homosexuals, and militant conservatives." Kuttner stated that Pacifica gave these people time because of a feeling of "First Amendment obligation." "We're the freest thing on the air and we're proud of it."

IF YOU'RE INTERESTED:

..... and you desire further information about Pacifica Foundation, its officers and organization, or details of its programming plans for Washington, the FCC files are open to the public every day from 9 to 5 at 1919 "M" St., N.W., room #239. Ask for docket #18634 (File #BPED896). Also, the hearing on February 8, 1972, if it goes ahead, will be held at 10 am on the second floor of the same building, and is open to the public.

..... in working to help Pacifica get started, watch for further announcements. If a license is granted they say they will need plenty of help organizing the station and soliciting community support.

..... in stopping Pacifica, the best way is to file a complaint about one of their currently operating stations. Address it to the FCC, Broadcast Bureau, 1919 "M" St., N.W., Washington, D.C., 20554.

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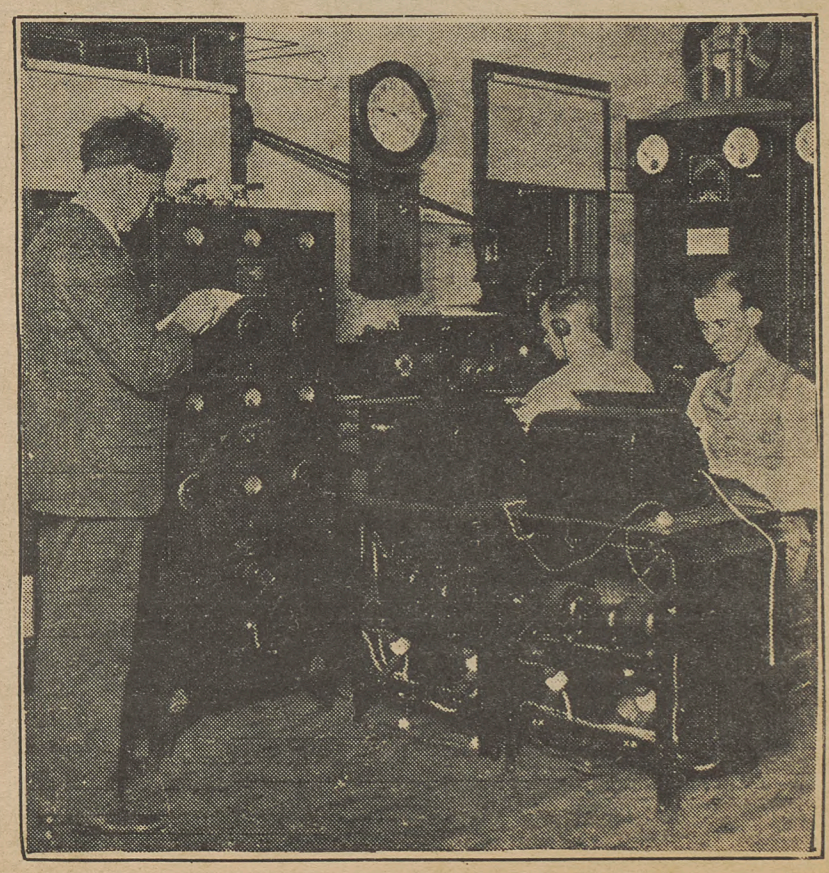
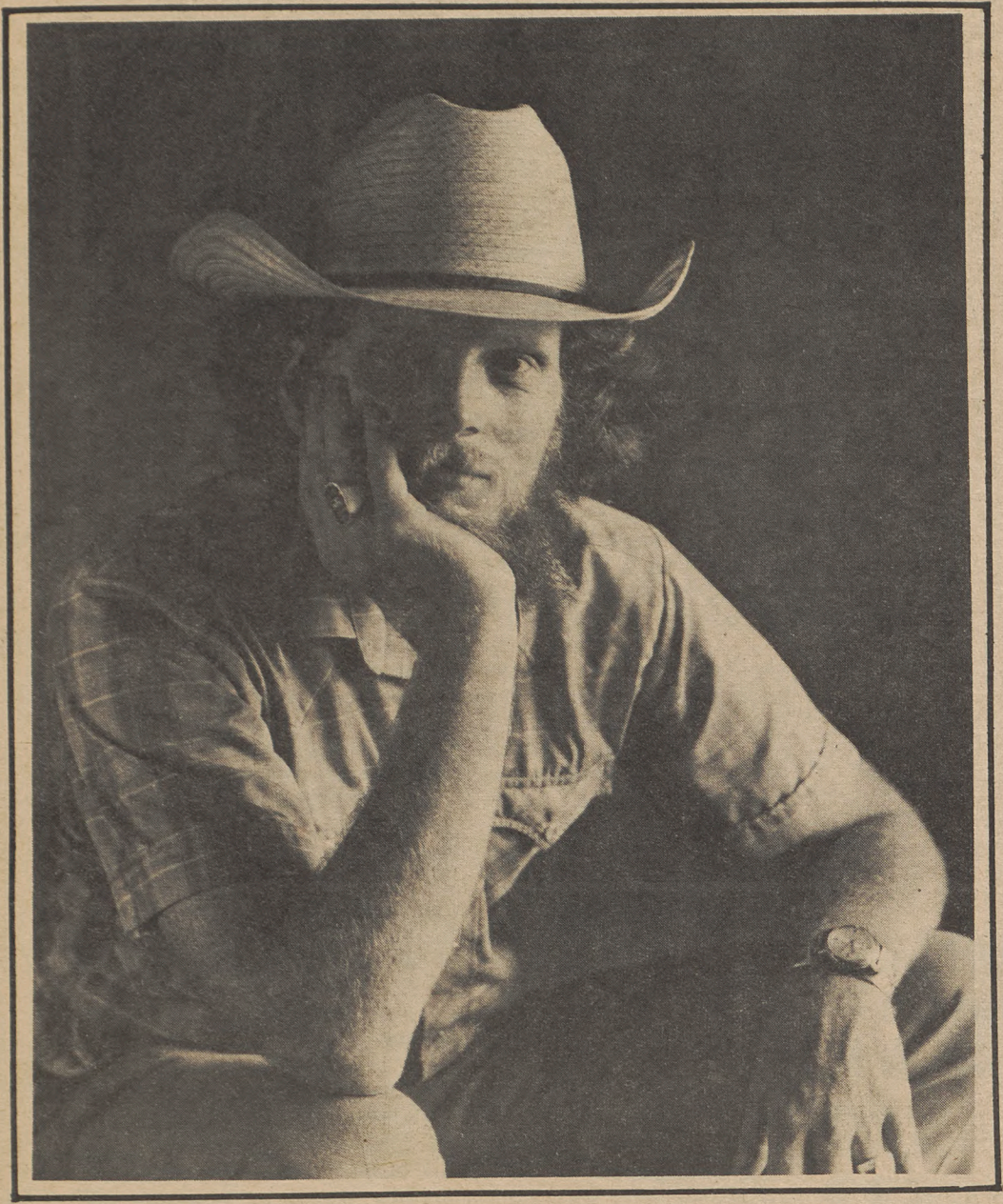
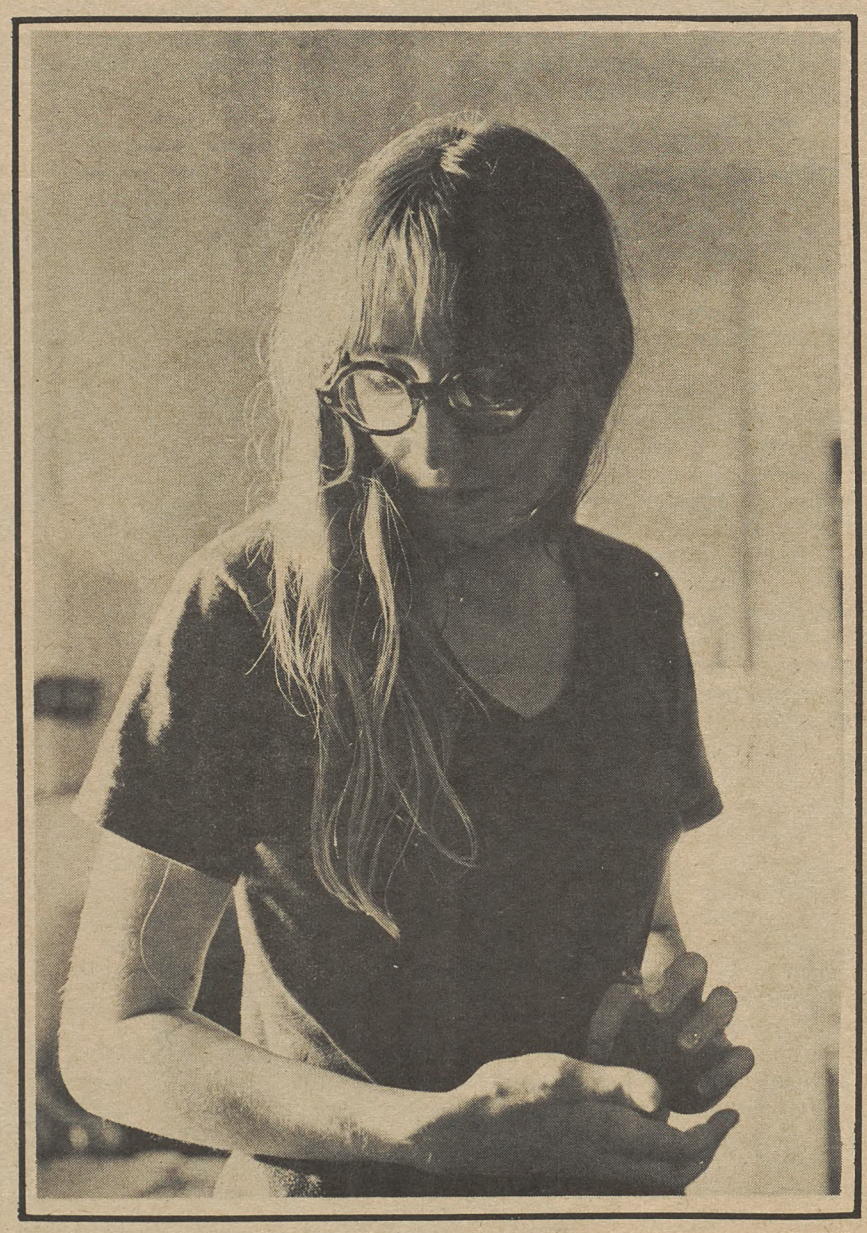
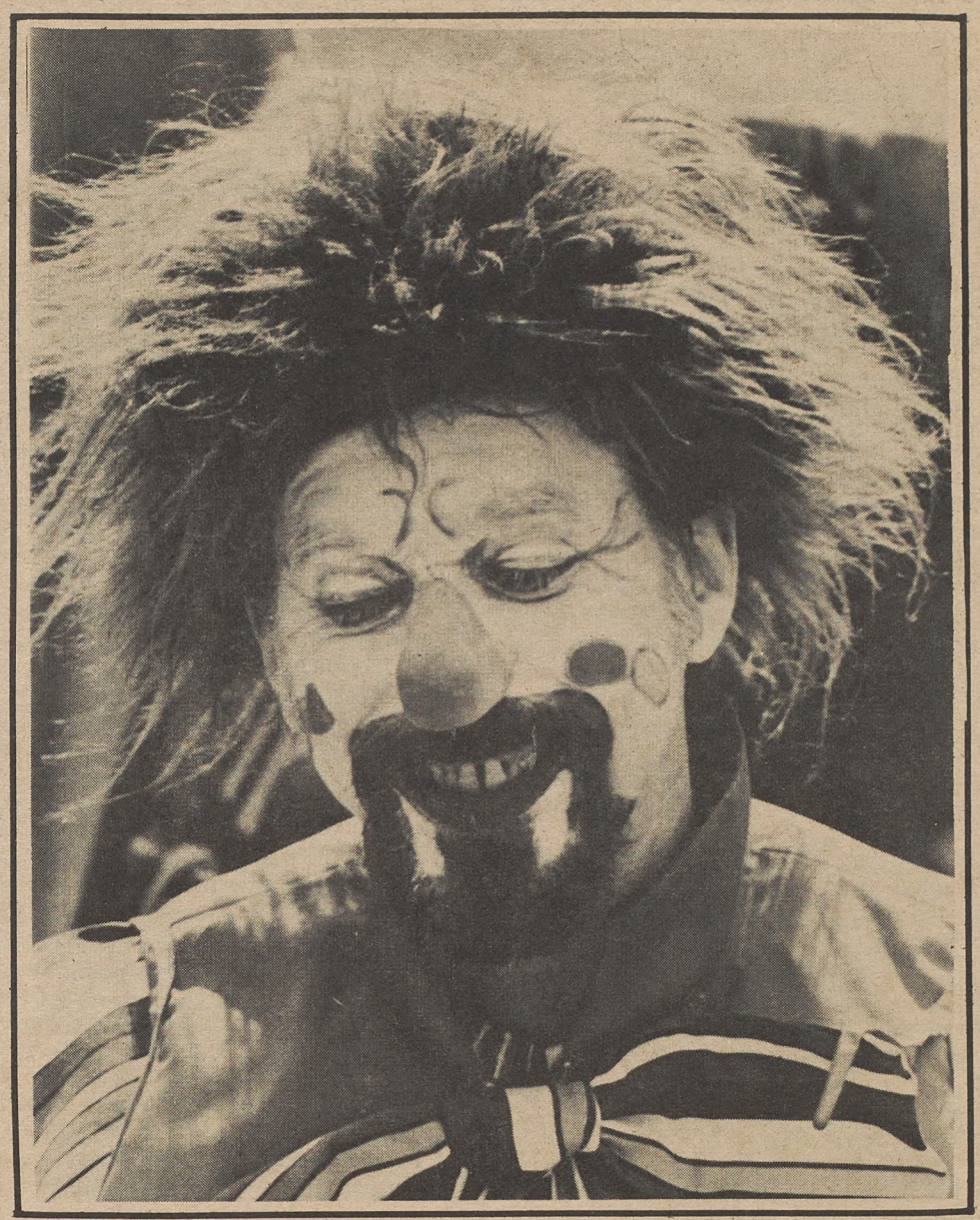
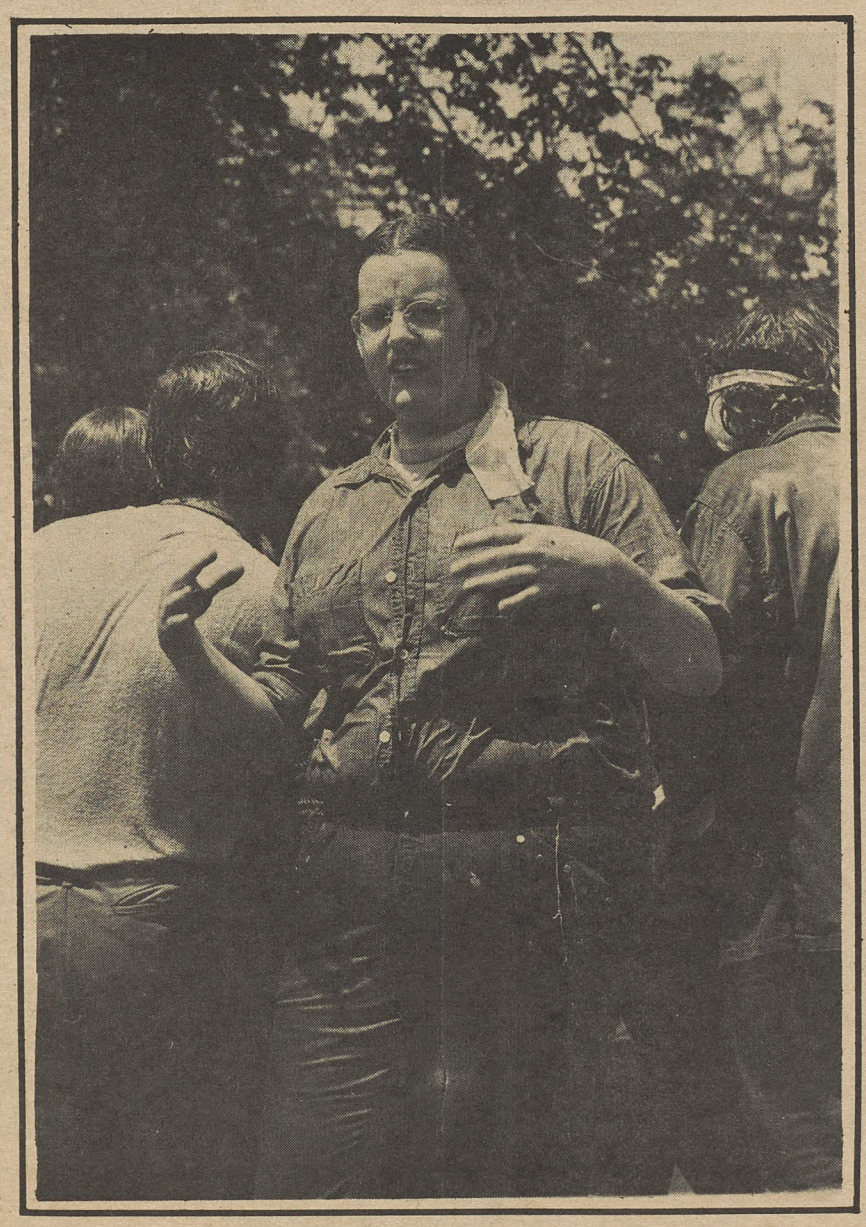




PHOTOS
by
PATTY PEARSON







BOOKS

THE TENANTS by Bernard Malamud. Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1971, 230 pp., hardcover, $6.95.

review by Judy Willis

It's official: shat is the past perfect of shit Malamud uses it on page 10 of THE TENANTS: "...pissed and shat on the floor..."

In addition to this contribution to the syntactical codification of the English language, Malamud has given us a highly readable novel dealing with a couple or so moral, ethical and racial problems.

The story is about Harry Lesser, a 36 year-old published writer trying to finish his third novel in an abandoned New York City tenement -- that is, it would be abandoned if Harry would leave. But he won't because he's been working on a novel for ten years in this same apartment, and to move before it is completed is artistically impossible. Levenspiel, the landlord, doesn't understand about aesthetic imperatives, though. All he knows is that the law won't let him kick Lesser out and Lesser is squatting between him and several thousand dollars the city will give him when they can tear the building down. Levenspiel tries to bribe Harry with offers of seven, eight, nine thousand dollars. He regails Harry with tales of his sick wife, of his unmarried, pregnant daughter. But Harry knows that finishing his novel is more important than the real or imagined troubles of his nudge of a landlord, and he is certainly not going to compromise his artistic genius for any amount of money.

One fine dull and smoggy day, what does Harry hear but the clicking of a typewriter other than his own. Following the sound to an apartment down the hall, Harry meets Willie Spearmint, a goateed, black writer, who has decided that the almost empty tenement is just the place to work on his book. See, Willie's living with this white Jewish "bitch", as he calls her, and of course it is impossible to write in her apartment. After all, she might interrupt him once a day to do something frivolous, like make love.

Harry is Jewish. And white. But he and Willie become friends anyway. After all, Harry isn't like racist, money-grubbing, slum landlord Levenspiel and all those other middleman-merchant Jews who have come to represent the epitome of "honkey" oppression because of their proximity to the black community. Harry's an intellectual. So naturally, he and Willie will get along, perhaps even help each other in their mutual artistic endeavors. Right?

Of course not. While Willie spends an increasing amount of time typing in the tenement, Harry spends an increasing amount of time in the bed of Willie's "bitch", Irene. Harry decides he will marry Irene, or at least move in with her -- just as soon as he finishes the ending of his novel. You don't want me to tell you the whole plot, so I'll just reveal that racial hatred triumphs over brotherly love, amorality over compassion, and destruction over creativity.

Ugly. Depressing. Realistic...on most days, anyway.

Without Malamud's sense of humor, it would be unbearable. Far from being the negative smirk of satire, his humor is the affirmative aha of laughing with others at the absurdity of your own serious posturing even while maintaining your grim, pompous pose. I don't if that's called black humor or Jewish humor or good humor. It's like not knowing if a word is Yiddish or English because you're so used to hearing it. I would quote you an example of what I mean, but the humor is so interwoven with the whole point of view of the novel that when you lift a passage from the middle of the book its essence is lost. Which must be a sign of masterful writing

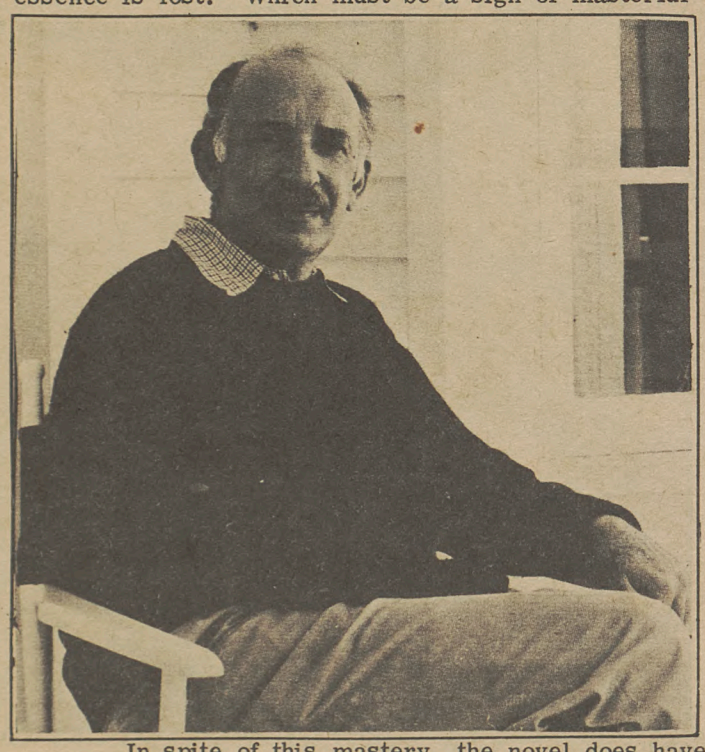


Photo by Janna Malamud

In spite of this mastery, the novel does have its faults. In his haste to get his Message across, Malamud has cheated us of the depth of character which would let us believe in the authenticity of Harry and Willie as individuals. I would not say they're exactly cardboard figures, but they're not flesh and blood, either. Papier maché is more like it.

The ending of the novel is a typical Malamud ending. a flight of fancy or a retreat into fantasy, take your pick. Instead of a resolution, there is a throwing up of the hands in helpless humorous hopelessness. In some of Malamud's writing, particularly his short stories, it works. I'm not sure if I like it in THE TENANTS, though. Is reality so impossible for Malamud -- or us -- to deal with? Or do you think that he has trouble finishing his endings, too?

THE BLACK POETS: AN ANTHOLOGY, edited by Dudley Randall Bantam Books, 1971, $1.65 (paper, 349 pp.)

reviewed by Michael Lally

....

you got one thing right tho. i did say
dat evertime i read william faulkner i
go to sleep. when i read hemmingway i
wish dat one of dem bulls wd hv jumbed d
fence & gored his fingers so dat he wdnt hv
taken up so much
good space

fitzgerald wdnt hv known a gangster if one
had snatched zelda & made her a moll tho
she wd hv been grateful i bet

bonnie of clyde wrote d saga of suicide
sal just as d feds were closing in. it is
worth more than d collected works of ts
eliot a trembling anglican whose address
is now d hell dat thrilled him so
last word from down there he was open
ing a publishing co dat will bore d
devil back to paradise

-- Ishmael Reed, from badman of the guest professor

Could a poem like Nikki Giovanni's "Poem for Aretha" come out of a white dominated poetry "movement"? It hasn't, it didn't. But for that poem alone, this book is worth the effort. Because we can learn from it, from the mistakes as well as the accomplishments. And there's a lot of both.

UTOPIA

brothers
brothers
everywhere--
and
not a one
for sale. -- Johari Amini

A lot to argue with in this book, meaning a lot of "content" poems. Sometimes referred to as "functionalist" by label lovers. But this seems to be more a result of Dudley Randall's preferences rather than of the "New Black Literary Movement" as a whole. Not that Randall isn't to be thanked. He has gained much respect as a poet, teacher, and one of the first independent publishers to publish much of the new Black work. And now we must respect him for attempting to compile the "definitive" Black anthology of poetry. He fails, and admits it, but the attempt is more than we started with. And for those completely unfamiliar with the debt all of us owe to Black poets, the oral tradition they have helped regenerate, the energy they have injected into our common language, this book should be invaluable.

Since you wrote a poem explaining
the sweet changes we are as Blacks
and I know how various yet unchanging
Blackness is,

Tell me sister
What color is lonely?

-- Carolyn M. Rodgers

I'm sorry for the omissions. I'm grateful for another anthology to help me discover voices I might never have heard, a way of seeing a tradition redefined by New York, another choice in ways of approaching "poetry".

....

And what do I do? I boil my tears in a twisted spoon
And dance like an angel on the point of a needle
I sit counting syllables like Midas gold.
I am not bold. I can not take hold of the demon
And lift his weight from your black belly,
So I grab the air and sing my song.
(But the air can not stand my singing long.)

-- Etheridge Knight

The book is too big, attempts too much to argue with in a review, to even try to summarize. It must be experienced. From the pre-Civil War "Folk Seculars" to the "post-Civil Rights consciousness" of a Don L. Lee or a Stephany, there's something here for all of us, I hope.

AMERICAN HISTORY

Those four black girls blown up
in that Alabama church
remind me of five hundred
middle passage blacks,
in a net, under water
in Charleston harbor
so redcoats wouldn't find them.
Can't find what you can't see
can you? -- Michael Harper

POETRY READING AT CORCORAN

reviewed by Terence Winch

For a number of years, anyone with the ability to read has been clubbed over the head with one of the busiest literary pronouncements of our time: The Novel Is Dead. But the very discussion of the novel's sad end, and the existence of so many willing and passionate literary undertakers were indications of the novel's life: fiction still had the power to excite discussion and stir controversy in the literary world.

Such was not the case with poetry. Entombed in such fat mausoleums as The Norton Anthology Of Poetry and The Oxford Books of English and American Verse, poetry was though thought to have long since passed away. The poet was a hopelessly obsolete man or woman who spoke only to himself or to other poets. No one else was listening.

But that seems to be changing. A new interest in poetry is taking place, I think, for several reasons. Poetry, for one, centers on the conscious and careful use of language at a time in history when politicians, disc jockeys, generals, and college presidents have united in a heroic struggle to devaluate and distort the use of words. Instead of being the means by which humans talk to each other, language has become the handiest way to evade genuine communication. The thick sticky batter of pop and political rhetoric has clung to our speech like an obstinate curse.

If there is a renewal in poetry, however, it is the result of more than disgust at the corruption of speech in our culture. There are more positive reasons. Song writers like Dylan, Joni Mitchell and John Lennon have cut through huge hulks of verbal and musical shit to reveal a fresh sense of the craft of using words and a new awareness and regard for language. They have helped to create a sensitive audience for serious writers. And younger poets have forsaken a great deal of traditional "poetic" diction in favor of a language that is more authentic, more in keeping with the way we speak and think today and less like the language of Keats, or even Eliot, might have used.

Last Wednesday, eight Washington poets read some of their poems at the Corcoran Gallery during a reading sponsored by "The Combine" -- "a new coalition of Washington poets writers, artists, and musicians." Most of the poems that they chose to read were fine examples of the solid work that is going on among poets today: honest, engaging work that would test the range and talent of any of the more "established" poets.

Mac Wellman began the evening by reading part of a long epic poem that he has been working on for several years. The sections he read were strong and imaginative, though his reading did not seem to me to be as energetic as the poem demanded. Harvey Fry explained to the audience that his poems were written more to be read than be heard. He then read a few in an intense, but almost inaudible, voice. It was difficult to tune one's ears to the music he was making at the microphone; judging from what I could pick up, though, I would be interested in listening again. Peter Noterman, a D.C. musician, and Mark Power, a photographer, both read briefly -- but what they read suggested that they both know their craft well.

Milton Crocker's humorous poem in praise of female posteriors was well received by the large audience (about 130 people) at the Gallery. [Crocker's recent, privately-published collection of poems is available at the Discount Bookshop.] Michael Lally read part of a new poem that he is working on. I remember it as being one of the best poems of the evening.

The only woman to read was Dede Baldwin and she was easily the most accomplished reader among the eight poets. Her work is certainly worthy of publication in book form.

The last poet to read was Lester Blackinston who was, without question, the most eccentric of the eight participants. His attempt to break down the distinction between poetry and entertainment (as he put it) failed from both ends. His approach was ridiculously anachronistic, with attempts to shock the audience -- "This poem has fuck in it." "I did some speed before coming up here." -- that might have worked fifteen years ago. Some of his poems, when he let them alone, came out all right, but most were lost somewhere in the monologue. I am told he read again, after a break during which I had to leave, and that his second appearance was considerably better than the first. After Blackinston finished, three unscheduled poets, Marie Basiliko, Mike Hasty and Peter Lent, read some of their works.

"The Combine" has a number of plans for the future: more readings -- perhaps on a monthly basis --, a poetry magazine, maybe some concerts. Anyone looking for more information on upcoming programs can call Bill Garrison (556-5591), the organizer of Wednesday's reading and a member of The Combine.

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MUSIC/Avant garde

reveiwed by Susan C. Cohn

"The General Secretariat of the Organization of American States requests the pleasure of your company at a concert of avant-garde music by the Composers/Performers Group conducted by Alcides Lanza, January the fifth, in the Hall of the Americas, The Pan American Building."

The thought of avant garde music being played in the roccoco Hall of the Americas is enough to blow one's mind; the fact that the concert was excellent, well-produced, and perfectly performed, was an unexpected treat. The Composers/Performers Group is seven talented musicians based in New York who perform all facets of contemporary repetoire, especially the music from Latin America. If this concert is any indication, the C/P is a much-needed organization on today's musical scene, for their performance of good avant garde music is as important as the fine quality of these performances.

Wednesday's concert opened with "El glotón de Pepper land" (Pepperland's Glutton) (1970) by Ariel Martinez. It's an electronic piece made by applying feedback to electronic filters, and the effect was like a string bass consort with a few high, violin-like and tinselly sounds thrown in for contrast. Starting a concert with an electronic piece is difficult, for there is nothing or no one on stage but a set of speakers. In this case, the technician entered and crossed the stage to his control board, but the audience did not stop talking; in fact, as the music got louder, the audience chattered louder to overcome the sound. I kept wondering what they thought was going on and decided that perhaps with no human performer on stage the audience is not obligated to respect the music.

The second piece, "Dualismos" (Dualisms) (1971), by Alfredo Del Monaco, is a fine piece. This piece features flute, clarinet, trombone, and piano (the performers were dressed comfortably) as well as electronic music. Just as the electronic medium produces sounds similar to the instruments in the ensemble (as well as its own characteristic sounds) the instruments are played to produce new effects. In addition, there is an excellent blending of the live and the taped, including an amazingly intricate dialogue between the flute and tape.

The first half ended with the taped piece by Mesías Maiguashca, "Ayayayayay", a combination of electronic sounds and snippets of sounds of nature, cities, conversations, et al., taped by the composer in his native Ecuador. The piece really grabbed me at first, but then, the novelty wore off and it became very annoying, like listening to a radio catching two faraway stations simultaneously.

The second half opened to a very depleted audience with "Wavechart" by Eleanor Hovda for flute, clarinet, and double bass. The gimmick of the piece is that each performer plays according to his personal respiratory cycle. This trio on stage breathed very slowly, and the sound was like one had stumbled into a dormitory of sleeping instruments, all of them sleeping peacefully with occasional mumblings and mutterings of dreams. That soporific experience was followed by a lively bit of musical pointillism by Mario Davidovsky, "Study No. 3 (1965) in memoriam Edgar Varese", for synthesizer. The piece is constructed with bits of sound, just as the Impressionists painted with dots of color, and this abstract piece shimmers in the ear. Unfortunately, this jewel was followed by "Acufenos (Acouasms) II (1971 - IV)" by Alcides Lanza, a piece which prompted an old, cottony-haired lady in front of me to stuff her white-gloved fingers in her ears. The title refers to imaginary sounds of high pitch or extreme forte that have no origin outside the human body, and the composer mainly aimed for loude blocks of sound, although each individual part was full of motion. The instruments -- flute, clarinet, trombone, double bass, and piano -- were spread out across the stage, and the speakers were also far apart, so the wall of sound was as wide as Cinemascope. Interestingly enough, I did get a physical reaction: my sinuses hurt and my nose started to run; perhaps ultra-high frequencies were produced on the electronic tape. (Were dogs barking in the neighborhood?)

The program was ambitious and quite successful, even though three-quarters of the audience left during the intermission, which is par for avant garde concerts. All the pieces were thoughfully chosen and well-performed, which, in the case of new music, is all the audience can ask for, for it is the listener's place to decide if he likes the work performed. After all, some people don't like Bach's B Minor Mass.

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The Story Of

SKY COBB:

Featuring Tales of the Cosmic Colonels, Hyattsville Horns, and other Rock n'Roll legends of our time (city)

by BRUCE ROSENSTEIN

One day late last January, I heard on the radio about a great new band called Sky Cobb who was in its debut weekend at Emergency. They were billed with another then-new local band, Itchy Brother. Seeing the possibility of something good developing, I decided to head on down and check out this Sky Cobb.

After Itchy Brother's set, the stage filled with Sky Cobb's equipment. Besides the drums, bass, and guitars, were an organ, electric piano, plus saxaphones, banjo, harmonica, and various percussion instruments. How many people were in the band? How often did they use all those instruments? My anticipation heightened. The only other thing I remembered about the band was that it had practiced for seven months prior to its first public gig, and that, of course, said something right there. It seemed to me that I was about to witness the second ever gig of not just any-old-band.

Well, gradually, the people who comprise Sky Cobb took the stage, and manned the instruments; just guitar, bass, drums, piano and organ this time. My first recollection of them on stage was a very short introductory statement by Greg Pugliese, sitting at the organ, something to the effect of "This first song is really quiet, you've really got to concentrate and listen hard..." And then, wham! Into a song that was anything but quiet and subtle; propelled by Bruce MacKinnon's sharp, piercing lead guitar, Sky Cobb reeled off a tight, fiery, movin' rock'n'roller based on Elmore James' "Dust My Broom" riff, "Loose Lovin' Lucy". They caught you off guard at first, then just blew you away not giving you any time/cause to think about it. It wasn't very far into the song that I definitely knew that Sky Cobb indeed wasn't any ordinary group of rock'n'rollers For the rest of the gig, they just kept it up and everyone had a high time. I hadn't been so knocked out since that fateful night fifteen months before when I first saw another local band called Claude Jones. I went back the next day to catch them at a benefit, and they were just as good. All my enthusiasm of the night before was joyously confirmed that afternoon.

Now, not quite one year later, Sky Cobb seems to be in the position of number one Washington band. It would be both redundant and depressing to recount all the recent negative developments in the local rock music scene, but tlaking about, (or better yet, listening to,) Sky Cobb is a positive aspect of what's going on here now. But, just as they were not another new band back in January, 1971, they are not just another local band in January, 1972. They are local in the sense that they live and do most of their gigging in the D.C. area, but Sky Cobb is destined to be a national band, from Washington, but a national band nevertheless. When will it happen? Oh, not tomorrow or the day after, not until they are ready, and they'll know exactly when that is. They always do. They don't do things in a hurry. When the time is right for something, they know it, and they'll do whatever's right. They are responsive to gigs out of the area -- they were well received at Dr. Generosity's in New York City last November -- they have recorded a promotional tape and will soon actively seek a recording contract.

For purposes of orientation, satisfaction of curiosities and general information, Sky Cobb consists of five Washington musicians, aged 21 - 23; Greg Pugliese, electric piano, guitar organ and vocals; Richard Sales, organ, electric piano, slide guitar, harmonica, saxaphone, banjo, and vocals; Bruce Mac Kinnon, lead guitar, organ and vocals, Craig Warner, bass, and Mark Cuff, drums.

Richard, Greg, and Bruce are all prolific songwriters. You see, this business of who does what is not all that simple in Sky Cobb. When everyone is so talented and versitile in one band, you can't have one "leader" who tells the others what to do, or just one songwriter, or just one man to each instrument. Every aspect of Sky Cobb is thoroughly professional. Though their debut gig was in January of 1971, they initially got together in June of 1970, and practiced five nights a week for the seven months in between. Now, after being together for a year and a half, they maintain their schedule of practice every weekday-plus a couple of nights a week. With gigs on weekends. And that's a big reason why they're still together and going stronger than ever before.

For purposes of orientation... Sky Cobb didn't just pop up out of nowhere. All of the members have known each other since the earliest years of high school. In addition, every one in Sky Cobb -- at one time or another -- was in the Jefferson Street Jug Band. Now, this outfit wasn't necessarily meant tobe a big time folk group out to challenge the world or anything. It was more of a loose assembly of friends who dug old time jug band music, who did it on a non-businesslike level. The band started around 1966, and had its following, and then finally "broke up", if that is the right way to describe the band's end, in the summer of 1970, right before the formation of Sky Cobb. The jug band generally played standards like Henry Thomas' "Fishin' Blues" and others with few originals, and played them in parks, at Groks, in folk clubs and coffee-houses, and even one interesting gig in the summer of 1969 at the Memphis Blues Festival. That particular trip even got them a mention in Rolling Stone, unfortunately in the form of a cut by the story's author, a blues purist who inferred that the Jefferson Street Jug Band just wasn't pure and black and down-home enough for his tastes and were just along for the ride. Which wasn't the case, of course. The festival's organizer, Bill Barth, a member of the now defunct Insect Trust, and a friend of the jug band, personally invited them to play at the festival. They played a set with John Fahey, but their performance, unfortunately, wasn't included in the television show of the festival, done by National Educational Television.

The Jug Band also did some recording, and some sides apparently still exist, records that were made for a one man operation by the name of Fonotone Records. In the course of drifting in and out of the Jug Band, Richard was working with John Fahey, and had gone to California with him with some vague ideas to make an album, which, for a number of reasons -- now no longer important -- never came about. While he was on the coast, Richard was getting the bug to do a really good rock'n'roll band, and he began sending letters to that effect to the others, back in Washington. It turned out that they all felt the same way. They had all played in innumerable rock bands; especially Mark, who gigged for a while as Roy Buchanan's drummer.

The only other significant band in Sky Cobb's roots was Open Road, a rock band which was together until about the Fall of 1969. Playing lead guitar was Bruce MacKinnon, there was a drummer whose name has no consequence in our story, Greg played organ, and on bass was a local high school student named Seth Justman, currently the organist of the J. Geils Band. Open Road evolved from their beginnings as a blues band, moving into doing original rock, and near the end, original country tunes and also some soul material written by Seth. In the Fall of 1969, Seth split to go to Boston University where he eventually met up with J. Geils, and the band dissolved soon after. For the ensuing nine months, nothing monumental happened, but around June, everyone sensed that the propitious time for forming the rock'n'roll band was then there. Richard returned from California, the Jug Band -- which was never all that formal or stable an organization to begin with -- had finally split apart, and Richard, Greg, Bruce, Craig, and Mark were free to form Sky Cobb.

They all knew that this was to be no ordinary band, and right from the beginning they were after an existence loftier than gigging in high schools and bars. They were also after a record contract from the start, but not just any contract with just any company, for the sake of having a contract to show off. They had no manager at first, back in the summer of 1970, and, in fact, didn't have one until a couple of months prior to their opening weekend at Emergency. So, few people knew of Sky Cobb's existence during those hard working seven months as they practiced and polished until everything was right.

And then came that first highly successful weekend last January. Their music was so pure and fine, it was staggering. This was a rock'n'roll band, my man, and a damn good one. I didn't get to see them again until months later at a gig with Claude Jones at Glen Echo Park. Now, one thing I did remember about Sky Cobb, besides their musical excellence, was that although they did have fairly good stage poise, they didn't do too much moving around, and stage talk was at minimum, and most of what they did say was often so soft and mumbled that you couldn't understand it. It may have been nervousness, or maybe they thought talking with the audience just wasn't necessary. But, under the pavillion on that hot Sunday afternoon at Glen Echo, minutes before the start of their set, I noticed Greg wearing a short sleeved Hawaiian tourist's shirt, and when they started playing, he kept making comments to the audience that you could clearly hear and understand, and was amazingly outgoing; leaping up out from the piano doing neat little routines with the microphone. All that time in between had brought about a strong stage presence, which managed to put everyone at ease.

At all the gigs I have been to since then, their stage presence has grown even stronger. So have all aspects of Sky Cobb. Maintaining that rigorous practice schedule has sharpened them continually. One thing they believe in is an artist's constant changing and they certainly persue that. Sky Cobb wil not be content to stay with any one style, as so many bands have done; recognizing the inherent danger of becoming too comfortable with a particular way of doing things, which soon becomes mechanical and uninteresting. Their music cannot be labeled and that's exactly how they want it. If a band does even one country song, for instance, they instantly become a country band in the eyes of some of the audience. That's the reason that they don't do any out and out country songs (which is kind of a drag), but they do have an undeniable country influence and a blues influence and a jazz influence and a .... It all comes out as rock'n'roll and Sky Cobb's rock'n'roll. Try as you might, you're not gonna come up with one or two word catch phrases to stick on them.

They are doing nearly all originals with a sprinkling of selected non-originals. They didn't spend those seven months rehashing old Chuck Berry songs. They've been working up new originals all along and at the moment, they have about 30 solid originals to work from. They have a few songs used mainly to orient the audience, giving them something nice and familiar to work out on, and then the original stuff sinks in better. One of the best of these is their rollicking version of "Rainy Day Women 12x35", kicked off by a marching beat from Mark, and sung by Richard -- who also plays harp, on this one. His swooping voice cuts through everything, his eyes brightly aglow, as usual, his face and neck stretched tightly into a painful, vein-jutting contortion. "Everybody must get stoned!" In the beginning, they were doing "Fishin' Blues", which they've since dropped. They also do a killer version of "I'm A Hog For You Baby", which was the B-side of the Coasters' "Poison Ivy". And Guy Mitchell's "Singing The Blues" is given its deserved fate, a full production job with the backing vocals of the infamous Cosmic Colonels -- in real life, the old ladies of the band -- and the choreographed (more or less) movements of horn players Richard, Bruce, and Jamie MacKinnon (Bruce's brother), otherwise known as the "Hyattsville Horns".

Last Spring, they made a tape for promotional purposes and it was played for a number of people and given to a couple of local radio stations. Although the general consensus of the band today is that they are now beyond where those five songs are at, it is still a good representative choice of Sky Cobb material. The playing time of the songs averages three minutes and that's usually how it is live. Rarely do their songs go over five minutes. They say what they have to say swiftly and concisely. There are no 20 minute drum solos or long-winded, vacuous guitar rampages here The tape opens with "Look Inside", written by Bruce, and it features saxaphone played by Jamie, who is gradually being used more in Sky Cobb and is probably on his way to being a full member of the band as it begins to use horns more. "Fences To Mend" is incredible... a bouncy, catchy song that would make a great single. "Drippin' With Keys" is one of their better ballads, and "Your Grandmother" is a delightful tune dealing in imagery of reminiscenses of an older generation, played with a ragtime feel. The tape ends with a pulsating rock item, "The Need", which is usually one of their longer songs on stage.

As for their other original material, "Loose Lovin' Lucy" is still used, a vestige of the Open Road days; (if it ever gets on a record, Murray The K would surely use it in a "Lucy" set, along with "Lucille" by Little Richard, "Lucy" by Crabby Appleton, and maybe even "Lucy In The Sky With Diamonds".) There are also a couple of leftovers from the Jug Band, "Honey Bun" and "Racoon Raga", both riotous country type rockers. They have original boogie, "One Fine Day", ignited by Greg's piano, an impossible song to sit still to. And then there's always their contribution to Mexican-rock, "Fill In The Blanks".

And the number of originals will continue to grow and they'll move more towards their goal of becoming a national band. One of the interesting aspects of this is that it seems that more and more of the so-called "new" bands are just more combinations of existing national bands and there are a lot less "local" bands moving up to national stature. This can hurt, because the local bands, by their very nature, mu must go through a lot, gigging where you can -- which usually means high schools, bars, churches, "youth centers" -- and it all sharpens your playing. Sky Cobb recently played a "sock hop" and a strange gig at a school for retarded children in which they followed Ronald McDonald and a juggler, and did two twelve minute sets.

They also recently did a very successful week at My Mother's Place, a bar near Dupont Circle, which has lately been bringing in quality rock music as a regular policy.

I caught their set on Thursday night of that week, which was the night of a dance contest, emceed by Barry Richards. After the break following their second set, the band took the stage to play for the dance contest as the hour of midnight neared. As if the stage weren't crowded enough, now sharing it with the band was Barry, ready to emcee, judge, give away albums to the winning couple. He informed the crowd that Sky Cobb had worked up a "special 50's set" for the occasion. "Okay, do the Chuck Berry song," Barry's voice boomed; and when nothing happened, he repeated his request/command and someone in the band corrected that it was not Chuck Berry, but Laverne Baker's blast from the past "Jim Dandy" and they were off into a wildly rocking version of the remnant from the R&B graveyard.

All during the song, who was standing right in the middle of things but Barry in his beard, bells, and tight shirt, surveying the crowd through his rimless glasses. It must have been quite a trip for him, standing up there with the band, even though he wasn't doing anything constructive. He was obviously digging it beyond all proportions. He even had his hand on one of the mikes and, as the first chorus approached, Greg had to tap him on the shoulder to move out of the way so he could sing. As the contest moved along, the band through Bo Diddley's "Before You Accuse Me", this one with Barry Richards on tambourine. Then came their unbelievable "One Fine Day" which is so powerful it would move a two ton rock, let alone a few dancers. Finally, the winners were chosen, but not until after Barry said at the song's end, "Okay, there's an original by Tractor," quickly followed by Bruce's expression turning sour and leaning into his mike, "That's a Sky Cobb original", he announced definitively. Then came Barry's last appearance, introducing "Locomotion", as he entranced the people with his story of how the song's original singer, Little Eva, was Carole King's maid in 1963, and that Carole herself wrote the song. I could sense the "Big fucking deal!" in the thoughts of almost everyone there. They charged through the number in grand style, complimented by the backing vocals of Joanne and Rita, two thirds of the Colonels.

Sky Cobb will continue to play and delight people of the area. But their time will come soon. Things will change and they'll be dealing with big-time promoters and record companies and booking agencies and thieves and liars and the like. It'll all be different, but they'll do it and do it well. Just like everything else.

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COUNTERNOTES

BRUCE ROSENSTEIN

HUNKY DORY -- David Bowie - [RCA LSP 4623]

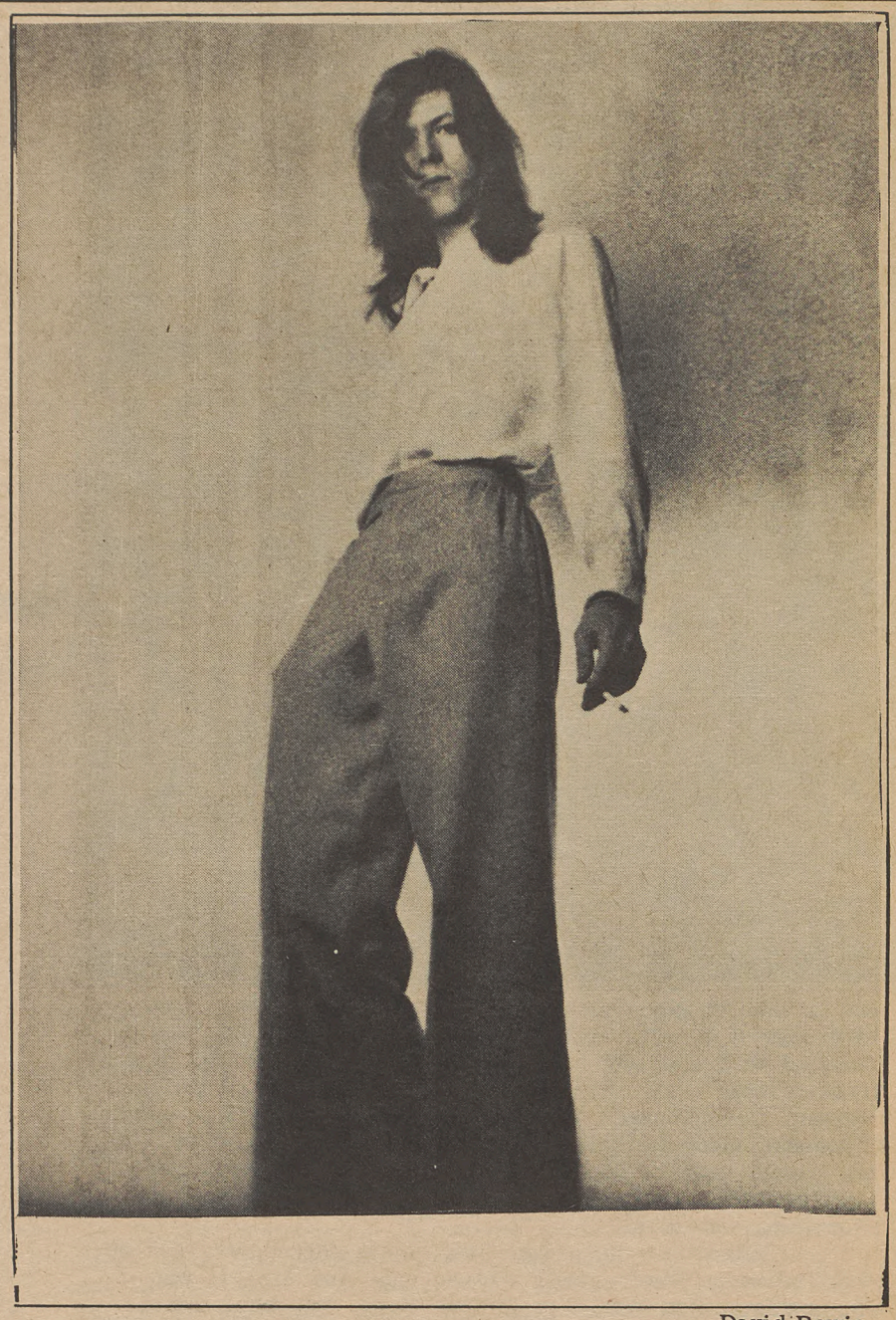
You may have been flipping through the pages of Rolling Stone early last year when you came across a photo which prompted you to think to yourself, "What's this picture of Lauren Bacall doing in here?" It was not till you glanced to the story below that you realized that the picture above was not lauren Bacall, but David Bowie. When he desires, David can assume remarkable resemblances to many people, regardless of sex. His music and poetry stand aside as his own.

He is quite popular, back home in England, but we Americans have been doing a great job of ignoring him the past few years. A few people have heard his British hit, "Space Oddity" and a few more have heard his last LP, The Man Who Sold The World. But by and large, the man who was voted "Brightest Hope of 1968" in a poll taken by a British pop paper has been waiting around, releasing albums, changing musically, and waiting for the general public to catch up with him.

Hunky Dory shows us that David Bowie, like few others, knows the meaning and value of the elusive terms "camp" and "pop". This is a great pop album and most of the time his tongue is planted firmly enough against his cheek except for a few excusable romps of poetic excess, which I imagine are all part of the camp. Each song on the album has an identity of its own; it is the kind of album where different people will have their own favorite cuts. Some people I know who have been fortunate enough to get into the album are most fond of "Life On Mars" or "Changes", while my own favorite at this point is "Queen Bitch". You'll have your own. That Bowie understands the meaning and relation of pop and camp is shown by his choice of Biff Rose's "Fill Your Heart", an easy-going, jolly, naively sentimental, ever-hopeful tune complete with a spirited vocal, lilting piano, honky horns and silky strings. Bowie chose this for his only non-original, and has expressed a fondness for Rose's music. Rose's songs often seem like American artificial recycled David Bowie. The song segues into "Andy Warhol" and a little more insight into the world of camp. Next, is "Song For Bob Dylan", as the study of cultural heroes continues. It's as good a song as any about Dylan, not necessarily telling you anything new, but rather cementing feelings about the man that many have felt. Mick Ronson plays a particularly effective guitar on this cut, and he adds much to Hunky Dory, with consistently tasteful guitar and credit for arrangements on nearly half the songs. Next is Queen Bitch", and it's awesome. For one thing, it sounds more like the Velvet Underground than the Velvet Underground did; David Bowie as Lou Reed as David Bowie singing about London as the Velvet Underground sang about New York. Ronson's stinging guitar helps push this one along, and Bowie's Reed-like lyrics, "My heart's in the basement/My weekend's at an all-time low" and his description of the queen under discussion, "She's so swishy in her satin and tat/with her frock coat and bipperty-bopperty hat/ Oh God I can do better than that" compare ever so effectively with his resigned, defeated, torn-down vocal to create an atmosphere of absolute decadence, despair and loneliness. By the way, to get off the track for a moment, RCA recently signed Lou Reed as a solo artist, and any company that signs David Bowie, Lou Reed, and The Kinks has got to have something going right for it.

The side closes with "The Bewlay Brothers", which is an instance of poetic excess, but not without its saving graces. In other words, you don't skip the cut when the needle reaches it. Now that was Side Two, which I feel is better than Side One. But the latter side definitely is not to be avoided. If anything, it represents the "pop" side and Side Two is the "camp" side, if distinctions like that are needed.

Side One opens with "Changes", an appealing number with a catchy, stuttering chorus. "Look out you rock'n'rollers Bowie warns, "pretty soon you're gonna get a little older." "Oh! You Pretty Things" is one of two songs at least partly concerning David's son, Zowie. It is pure irresistable pop, straight out of latter day Paul McCartney. In fact, it sounds like something which couldn't quite be squeezed onto Ram. As with much of the material on Hunky Dory, it will become part of your daily humming repetoire in no time. Some more of that poetic excess follows in "Eight Line Poem", which is just as it says it is and I don't particularly care for it. " "Life On Mars" is probably the highest camp on the album, David describes the song as a reaction to the sloshy Frank Sinatra standard, "My Way". One can almost picture Frank himself under the brutal spotlights on the stage of the Sands crooning to the boozers, "Is there life on Mars?" "Kooks" is next, and it is another highly sentimental, very pretty tune about Zowie. Side One ends with "Quicksand", and it's more of David Bowie the poet than David Bowie the musician, and I prefer his latter identity.



David Bowie

This album is not just good or great, but important, probably the most important album to be released in the past few months. David Bowie is rock's man of destiny. How many people would have a front cover photograph like Hunky Dory, with David in his best silent screen femme fatale pose eyes glowing, starting up, hair pulled back and bright yellow, lips bright red. And how many people could get away with calling an album Hunky Dory?

1 + 1 -- Grin - [Spindizzy Z 31038]

Whereas two years ago it didn't seem like a local band would ever release a record, here is Grin with their second album, full page ads in all the major rock periodicals, and a whole lot of excitement over Nils Lofgren. It's too bad that the album title has to be Nils Lofgren Grin, but I guess that's one of the things you have to do to get attention. Nils, in any case, seems on a road headed for big stardom, whether he wants it or not. The story of his meeting with Neil Young in 1969 at the Cellar Door will surely appear in rock paper after rock paper as more people pick up on him. If this particular review wasn't being written for Washingtonians, I would say to be sure and get Grin's debut LP before 1 + 1. But you probably know that if you are into Grin at all, and are well aware of Grin's magnificent first album. But now there is this new album and is it any good? Well, yes, it certainly is, but... There always has to be a "but", doesn't there. The "but" in this case is the album concept, the "rockin' side" and the "dreamy side". It all comes down to a high energy rockin' side and a boring dreamy side, and it comes off as half an album.

Now, it's no secret that Grin drew big among the 15 - 18 set, but I think those people were mainly attracted to the heavy rock blasts that Grin excells at, and not the soft acoustic material that comprises side two. This stuff seems tailored to people of that age bracket; much of Grin's material was near the sugary bubblegum level, and side two is merely highly professional, "quality" bubblegum. It's well done, it's "nice", but there's not much to it. They are cute little songs that don't really say anything, and they are not the Grin we know and love. The first three songs, "Sometimes", "Lost A Number", and "Hi, Hello Home" are all okay, but you wouldn't want to hear them too much. The final two, "Just A Poem", and "Soft Fun", are abortions, with thick string arrangements which are better left to the Enoch Light Orchestra. It's hard to believe that anyone would want to use all those strings on an album such as this. The songs may well be good, but they are being buried, so how can you tell?

What more than saves 1 + 1 is the "rockin' side", with five beautiful hard rock tunes, each better than the last, each well rooted in Grin's quality hard rock style. Opening with "White Lies", their new single (Grin is such a great singles band; what more can anyone ask than those great singles from their first album; "We All Sung Together", "If I Were A Song", and "Everybody's Missing The Sun".) I think that "White Lies" will be a moderate hit, but the folks at

Epic would do well to reconsider a re-release of one of the aforementioned songs from the first album as a single.

It's really hard to pick a standout on Side one, they all fit together so well. Personally, I like "Slippery Fingers" and "End Unkind". But "Please Don't Hide" and "Moon Tears" ain't no tail draggers either. One minor bitch: "End Unkind" literally does just that, ending with some annoying, out of place laughter.

The concept of 1 + 1 doesn't work, but we can write it off as a creative failure. Actually, it wouldn't have been a bad idea to cut out the last two songs on side two and replace them with a couple of rockers, like maybe "Goin' Back and their great "Celebration" (when is that ever going to get on a record?) The other songs could be left on, it wouldn't really matter. Get 1 + 1 anyway, and let Grin rock. And hope they'll start gigging more back in Washington. We need them now, more than ever.

MEANWHILE, ON THE BRITISH ROCK SCENE:

ENGLISH GYPSY --[Decca DL 75299]

English Gypsy is a misnomer; I think they should have called this band English Moby Grape, because much of this album sounds exactly like the Moby Grape '69 album, with British accents. Actually, in England, the band is known as Gypsy, but there already is a band by that name here so they had to fix the English to the name to make things legal.

When this album was released last Summer, I gave it a hurried listen and filed it in the back of my record collection, along with a lot of other losing LP's. Well, everyone makes mistakes. After reading reviews of the album in British pop papers, I decided to give it another chance and it was well worth it. Being a big follower of Moby Grape, (though not the newly re-formed version) I was quite pleasantly surprised that a British band would try to be so similar to them. Not the whole album sounds like Moby Grape, but the resemblance is obvious as can be. "I Don't Care, Do You Mind" sounds like it was recorded right after ten straight listenings to "Ain't That A Shame" from Moby Grape '69. And And "Pony Ride" is so obviously a Moby Grape type song that you would swear Bob Mosley wrote it. The other songs are not as obvious, but the influence is definitely there. And they cannot only sound just like Moby Grape, but "Turning Wheel", an eight minute song, bears an uncanny resemblance to the Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere days of Neil Young and Crazyhorse.

I don't think there is anything wrong with these simi larities in themselves, although maybe I would if they sounded like groups I don't like. English Gypsy is well qualified for what they're doing. They can tackle Grape-type material because they have excellent harmony and seem dedicated to c country music, as well as rock, but not the over-bearing brand we usually associate with British bands. There is so some slower material which is nice, and a pleasant hard rock song, "What Makes A Man A Man", which is unfortunately marred by utterly stupid lyrics. This is one of those albums which seems to get overlooked as soon as it's released but it certainly doesn't deserve that fate.

QUIVER --[Warner Brothers WS 1939]

This is another British band working primarily in the country rock idiom, though they don't resemble anyone too closely. Nor, however, are they all that original. They fall a mite flat on two of the slower songs, "Down Your Way" and "Cool Evening", and on one of the extended cuts, "Killer Man" which runs eight minutes and is too dragged out to be totally effective. The album is fairly long to begin with, nearly 45 minutes, and only one song is under three minutes long.

Quiver is more crisp than heavy, and most of the time they are quite refreshing, particularly "Glad I Came Around" which opens the album well. Quiver is apparently fond of travelling as a theme, with songs like "Take A Train" and "Back On The Road" (it seems like you can't record an album these days without a song carrying a title like that.) Basically, they are doing something not many British bands are doing, but a lot (too many) American groups are. They do it fairly well, however, stripped of pretensions, with solid playing and nice harmonies. Guitarist Tim Renwich played on Ian Matthews' first solo album, and the whole group provides the main back-up on Ian's new album. The band didn't do it as strictly backup, rather because they are good friends with Matthews and they don't have to back anyone to prove themselves. If you can ignore "Cool Evening" and "Down Your Way" and get into "Glad I Came Around" and "Back On The Road" or any of the others, Quiver's album will be a rewarding experience.

BELL + ARC -- [Columbia C 31142]

I was first turned on to Graham Bell last Spring, on the fine album Brian Davidson's Every Which Way (Mercury) That was a great record, though I think it sold about eight copies in this country, but talent and popularity often do not go hand in hand. Bell was the lead singer of that group, formed by drummer Davidson after the demise of The Nice. Let me say that Every Which Way was a different and better album than Bell + Arc's first. EWW was a Traffic-like jazz and rock album; versitile, often exciting, and most enjoyable. Bell wrote most of the songs, and they are far superior to those he has written and co-written for Bell + Arc. Every Which Way -- I don't know if they still exist -- also had a fine flautist, Geoffrey Peach, and a guitarist who is better than John Turnbull of Bell + Arc, John Hedley.

Although Bell's rough voice is as distinctive as before, the new band sounds like too many other hard rock bands. They are not really inferior, but they are not what they are hyped to be. Side one is where the better material is Side two is a sanctuary for all the sub-par stuff, only the opening cut, "Yat Rock", is worth getting in to. The best of side one is "Keep A Wise Mind", an infectuous rock tune, and their surpisingly fresh version of Dylan's "She Belongs To Me" an over-worked song if there ever were one. "High Priest Of Memphis" and "Let Your Love Run Free" are pretty good also, but there's nothing as good as "Bed Ain't What It Used To Be", from Every Which Way. I have a feeling that Bell + Arc is much better live than they come across on their debut album. Take your chances.

(THE NEW) LED ZEPPELIN (ALBUM) -- [Atlantic SD 7208]

One thing that the likes of Grand Funk Railroad and Black Sabbath have accomplished is to make affecionados of quality hard rock thankful for a band like Led Zeppelin. It's all too obvious that GFR and BS copied Led Zep right down the line and aren't half as good. To be truthful, I haven't had many kind thoughts for Led Zeppelin in the last two years. Their first album, released over three years ago, was a landmark in the hard rock genre, but then, suddenly, there was a proliferation of bands copying their style (including, ironically, themselves) and the situation got out of hand. I like Led Zeppelin II enough to buy it when it was first released, and I liket it enough a month later to give it away. I hardly ever listened to Led Zeppelin 3 (that's another thing those bastards started, that stupid numbering of albums). I wasn't too excited when their new one come out, but after giving it a number of objective listenings I find that I really like it. It's by far the best I've heard from them since their first album.

Their new hit, "Black Dog" is a fine piece of grungy rock. Robert Plant gets a little hokey with the lyrics, but that's all right. And "Rock and Roll" is guaranteed to set you in motion, in any number of directions. Jimmy Page's guitar work on these cuts is splendid. He just won't let up. He's at his heavy best on "Misty Mountain Hop", which is quintessential Zeppelin. They even dig back into British folk music, as with "Gallows Pole" on 3 , in "The Battle of Evermore" which is brightened immeasurably by the vocals of the delightful Sandy Denny. Who would have conceived two years ago of Sandy on a Led Zeppelin album?

Plant is his usual self most of the time, though on "Going To California" he is minus the vocal grit and on " "Four Sticks", he sounds like a 12 year old voice played back at 45RPM instead of 33.

If you are like me and have been ignoring this band the last couple of years, pick up on this new one. I think you're in for a surprize.

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at the movies

GROVE PRESS: CINEMA OF SUBVERSION

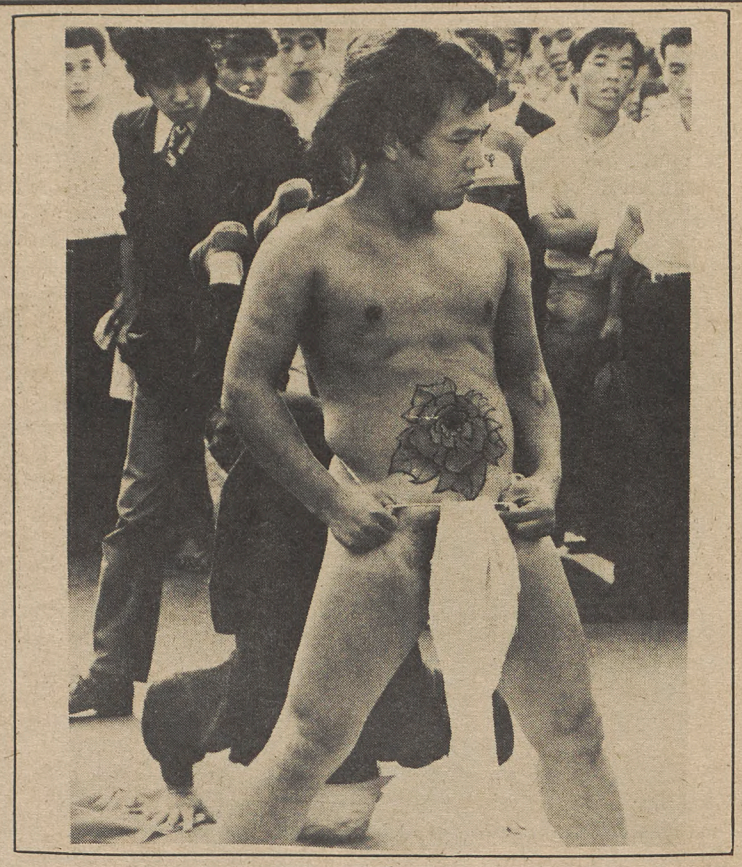
So runs AFI's description of its new series of films, a tribute to Barney Rosset and the films his publishing house distributes. And I'm not sure 'subversion' quite fits the bill: "Cinema of Didacticism" might be closer, if not as good copy.

There is something intransigent and blunt about the Rosset taste; it is a sensibility clouded with a hint of propaganda, or to be more kind, proselytizing, even if the propaganda is liberal and vaguely leftish. There's something of the schoolmaster about it, and more than a hint of bad taste. It substitutes ideas for art, and didacticism for feeling. It lacks sinousness, suppleness, or subtlety. On the other hand, it is refreshingly uncompromising and rarely boring.

But let's get down to cases. Passing over I am Curious (Yellow) and Inside North VietNam, both of which will have been shown by the time this review is out, let's talk about Finnegan's Wake, which, along with a film called Pinter People, will be shown on Friday, January 28, at 8 pm. Adapted by director Mary Ellen Bute from a play which, in turn, was adapted from the book itself, the film can be best described as wooden-headed. It is Culture with a capital "C" -- another hallmark of Rosset's taste. It may be Culture, but it certainly is not art. Like most of us, Mary Ellen Bute is scared stiff of Finnegan's Wake. I've always thought it to be an unreadable book written to guarantee a perpetual flow of PhD candidates; I confess to have never gotten past page 5, and I long ago got over feeling guilty about it; in fact, I mark it as some kind of proletarian accomplishment. (In all seriousness, I must admit that Ulysses is one of the books I'd take with me to a desert island.) It takes a certain amount of resolute unimaginativeness to film Finnegan's Wake at all, and Mary Ellen Bute has met the challenge well. She uses a number of potentially imaginative techniques -- animation, collage, montage -- unimaginatively in this account of one dream night in the life of H.C. Earwicker. The acting, mostly by Abbey players, I assume, is as unimaginative as is the rest of the film, and Bute is also addicted to a slavishly unimaginative use of English subtitles, the idea being to preserve the sight as well as the sound of the Joycean pun. I can only say that the device was constantly oppressive, and I found myself gazing for minutes at a time at the top third of the screen -- at a forehead, a ceiling, the sky -- in a vain attempt to escape the tyranny of the written word. The subtitles weren't even consistent, that is, sometimes there were spoken puns and no subtitles and sometimes there were subtitles under such profundities as "Where has she gone?". And quite often, the subtitles revealed that the actors were speaking the wrong lines. Or maybe, the subtitles were wrong and the actors ... but the hell with it. If Finnegan had been the most stunningly visual film ever made, it probably would have escaped me because of those damned subtitles. Give me an aural pun over a visual tic any day; about the only thing this film subverted was the art of film, itself.

Then, there is Innocents Unprotected (showing January 29, 8 pm, with a Yugoslavian film called Early Works that sounds interesting, "although by any standards, Early Works would be considered exceptional...as a first film, it approaches the miraculous."), a film which highlights the frequent eccentricity of the Rosset taste. A mean-spirited Yugoslavian film directed by Dusan Makavajev, it sardonically espouses one of the more obscure causes of the day, Serbian nationalism. It is equally nasty as a documentary about the making of the first "100% Serbian Talkie" and it tries its damndest to put down the director of that film, a Yugoslav acrobat named Aleksic. Despite the best efforts of the film to depict him as an ego-ridden, foolish old man, Aleksic's humanity manages to shine through the poison-film biography, thus proving that man is mightier than the camera, or something. Your usual distributor with dollar signs for eyes wouldn't've touched this film; Grove picked it up apparently feeling it was worth showing because of the fact that the Serbian "Talkie" was illegally filmed during the Nazi occupation of Belgrade. That fact seems, to me, totally irrelevant; the Aleksic-directed film was a mawkish melodrama that richly deserves its former obscurity. It contributes nothing to our understanding of Central European history or politics, and, for that matter, neither does Innocents Unprotected.

Diary of a Shinjuku Burglar (Sunday, January 30, 9 pm) could be called Culture with a capital "C", or better, Auteurism with a capital "A". It could be aptly called eccentric and in its own curious way, despite being an intelligent film, it is as sometimes obtuse as is Bute's version of Finnegan's Wake. In many ways, it seems a typical Rosset choice. Art it is, but such a difficult, thorny kind of art that we can only admire or respect it; it is not the kind of art that is going to move us. Directed by a young Japanese director, Nagisa Oshima, it seems strongly influenced by Robe-Grillet, Duras, and Genet, not to mention Godard. Indeed, one of the themes of the film, it seemed to me, was Oshima's cathartic rejection of these influences. Much of the action takes place in a bookstore, and more than one scene states or suggests a theme of book immolation. It can also be viewed as a tale of two Japanese youngster's attempts to make sense out of sex, but the sexual scenes between the boy and the girl are handled with such a mixture between fact and fantasy, with such anti-erotic relish and with such stylization, that one hesitates to assert the case and instead decides that the sex is a symbol -- of what? This is a film which constantly prompts that question and gives no ready answers. What is the Shinjuku section of Tokyo a symbol of? There is thievery throughout the film -- stealing of books, flesh and people's rights -- why? It is a film of various kinds of rape; physical,



metaphysical, metaphorical, actual -- what do they mean? A chorus of Kabuki-like street theatre people function as an antiphonal response to the action in the film -- are we supposed to recall Brecht or is it some ancient Japanese tradition? In time, the principles of the film join the troupe and find fulfilment through play-acting -- what does that mean? We see achrysanthemumtattooed on a stomach -- ah, a symbol of old Japan -- something unoriginal we can comfortably grasp. But is it? I know a film critic is supposed to answer questions, not ask them, but this film, if anything is original, and it is originality's nature to pose questions, not answer them. If you want a thorny, frequently abstract intellectual puzzle, you will delight in this film. And, if you like subversion, it fills the bill, too, as I have no doubt that it subverts all kinds of traditional Japanese ethics and moralities.

As a director, Oshima knows his craft; he moves camera with verve and authority, skilfully alternating the hand-held Godardian series of "abstract" shots with the static image. His rhythmis bold and assured and his occasional use of color film (reminding me of Polanski, for some reason) works quite well as an emotive underscoring device. He has a good eye for the occasional arresting image and a real feeling for time and place. I have no idea where he's going with all this craft, but I'm going to make a point of seeing the other two Oshima films featured in this latest AFI series, Boy (Tuesday, January 25, 8 pm) and Death by Hanging (January 20) both of which, unfortunately, will probably have been shown by the time this review appears.

You might have time to catch: Experimental Shorts (Wed., January 26, 8 pm) which includes Stan Brakhage's Prelude: Dog Star Man; Warrendale (Sun. January 30, 6:30 pm), a documentary on Canadian retarded children which my wife tells me is quite moving; and a Godard film, See You At Mao (January 31, 8 pm) and a film on Godard called Godard in America, both showing with Joseph Strick's Interviews with My Lai Veterans.

Mark Power

SEARCH FOR THE QUINTESSENTIAL FONDA

Who or what is Henry Fonda? If I though that seeing the man in person at the AFI theatre last Sunday (the 16th) would help answer that question, I was wrong. First, I'm not sure that I did see him in person. Sitting on the stage, urbanely responding to Michael Webb's equally urbane questions, his face coated with a varnish-like light, his attention intuitively responding to every pulse of channel 26's camera, he seemed more removed from time, place and actuality than did the Henry Fonda of the screen who every now and then, through the magic of the film clip, loomed above both actor and audience. It was a lesson in the art of cinema illusion to see the Henry Fonda of the here and now about the size of a bug on the stage watching not ten feet away the Henry Fonda of 1939 towering as high as a four story building -- which was the more real? Or Reel? For me, it was the Henry Fonda of the Oxbow Incident, the two-dimensional Fonda, the larger-than-life Fonda that lingers in the mind, not the tiny look-alike that Fonda's agent, apparently taking a cue from Warhol, sends around to stand in for the actor at his public appearances.

And it was a Public Appearance, complete with an entourage of Other Stars and Beautiful People (Gloria Grahame and Ethel Kennedy among others -- euphemistically, or perhaps optimistically, referred to as "Mr. Fonda's Party") and King Media who filled the first several rows with his paraphernalia -- drop cords, cameras, recording equipment and lights placed everywhere with a fine distain for the hoi polloi's view.

Once the Star's look-alike was in place, the kleig lights came on, the TV camera started pulsing and the simalcrum Fonda began to reminisce about the old times -- tales about "Pappy" John Ford and Reuben Mammoulian who directed actors with a metronome and Fritz Lang who thought actors were robots. He said he was proud of his children; he complained several times about film acting's lack of rehearsal time; he prefers stage acting because of the rapport with audience and the continuity of the part; of the "seventy-odd" films he's made about twelve are worth seeing; about one secne in five movies is good enough to "make the short hairs rise"; not being interested in the camera, he has no

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desire to direct films, although he's directed a few plays; he was most proud of Twelve Angry Men, the only film he's produced so far..... as he talked, it was evident that he was acting, not only for the live audience, but particularly for the television camera (the evening will appear on channel 26 at some future date) and also for the interlocuter, Michael Webb, the closest imbodiment of an audience of ceneastes -- it was the kind of acting we all do to a limited degree, role-playing, his role being, of course, the role of Henry Fonda, quintessential American actor, father of Hollywood's newest dynasty...

All of which confounded me because I'd planned to do a piece about Fonda the Star, not Fonda the actor. Confounding because it was like peeling an onion; take the man off the screen and you have a stage-actor; take him off the stage (but then, at AFI, he was literally on-stage most of the time) and you have a Public Personality playing himself in front of a TV camera, an interlocutor, an audience. How many more layers would he reveal at some private moment, away from kleig lights, miles of cords and the camera rising like a priest above the heads of the audience?

Tentatively, I've come to the conclusion that the only place to find the real Fonda is on the screen, standing behind the translucent substance of one of his more famous roles, or even one of his more infamous ones, like the salesman of GAF floor tile, for example, But then, like a tomato flung from the audience, comes the nagging question, why bother? Let's assume, for the moment, that we have no desire to be discovered in Schwab's drug store, that we are not incipient Dustin Hoffmans, that we don't have lifetime subscriptions to Dream Screen, that our only autograph is our own on a card at the bank -- in short, that while we may be filmfreaks, we are not your rabid film star fan -- what is there, then, about Henry Fonda that leads us into this labrynthine quest for his identity?

Call it what you want, of course, it's the Fonda charisma, the Fonda presence, it's what has made him endure for over thirty years despite over fifty clinkers and god knows how many bum parts. Whatever you call it, it, curiously enough, it was conspicuously absent when he appeared in person last Sunday at the AFI theatre -- I hasten to add that this was a personal impression. Those closer to the Fonda magic than 200 yards might have a different impression.

In other words, he's not so much actor as he is Presence. A Star, too, if you will, in capitol letters, but the word "star" has a tinsel connotation, a glamour that seems foreign to the Fonda Presence. As an actor, he is frequently cited for his "restraint", his "underplaying" but I think these terms more aptly describe his limitations than they do his talents. He's an actor of immense subtlety and a very narrow range; in fact, I think he's only played two parts all his life: Fonda the Utopian Idealist and Fonda the Idealist as Realist. The first role embraces the period 1934-1950, roughly, and the second, 1950 to the present. The first includes such roles in Grapes of Wrath and The Oxbow Incident; the second is best defined by Fonda's parts in Twelve Angry Men and The Best Man and Fail-Safe. Mr. Roberts is a kind of transitional role between the first and second; The Young Mr. Lincoln is the first role with some of the rough edges still showing; the heavy in the Leone-Fonda western (the name of which eludes my meager references, not to mention my memory) is the idealist turned inside out. An odd potpourri of characters, to be sure, but all Fonda and slightly in front of Fonda the part of the idealist in his various subtle facets. In other words, one never forgets that in a Fonda film it is Henry Fonda playing the part. The corrollary, of course, is that the part and Fonda are one and the same, an inference I hesitate to make without knowing the man. In that respect, he is a Star, rather than an actor and, indeed, in almost any given film, he is surrounded by character actors who seem to "out-act" him. In the Twelve Angry Men, supurbly casted by Fonda himself, you have Lee J. Cobb once again redefining the word histrionic, and Jack Warden, too often the victim of vicious Hollywood typecasting, who here gives his usual brilliant performance, and Ed Begley -- later to win an Oscar -- giving a fine interpretation; all lose themselves in their roles in a way that Fonda does not but, paradoxically, it is the fact that Fonda does stand apart from his roles which enables him to endure where other, more brilliant "actors", fall by the wayside. Or, to rephrase it, it is the Fonda Presence behind the Fonda role that gives the man his inimitable style.

Other actors are known for a single performance that illuminates the rest of their careers; Henry Fonda is known for a single, thirty-five year long performance that shines like a beacon through seventy films and an entire career. Some of the highlights of that performance: the role of Tom Joad in Grapes of Wrath. The youthful idealist who is utterly convinced that the future contains Utopia, the seeds of which can even be found in the grim present. The instrument conveying that utter sincerity: the Fonda voice, of course, and the mouth, in these early films, vulnerable, but most of all the Fonda eyes, in 1939, round, unblinking eyes, slightly crazy with a solemn optimism, which is absolutely believable to us, the audience, despite the dated, now quaint, dialogue. A find, subtle subtle shading of the youthful Utopian idealist is found in the role of the cowboy in The Oxbow Incident; here the idealism is just as devout, hope in the future just as unshakable, but hope and idealism are tempered by a subtle pragmatism; life has taken some of the edge off optimism; the "baby blues" (as Fonda himself describes the them) are no longer quite so unblinkingly solemn; they have begun to take on the flat, level stare so characteristic of the older Fonda. And the older Fonda -- in such roles as the juryman in Twelve Angry Men -- and the presidential candidate in The Best Man -- or, for that matter, as the President in Fail-Safe is still idealistic but it is an idealism no longer sharpened by optimism; instead, a darker shading is present, a denial of the future, if you will, a denial of it as Utopia, a denial of it as even time -- Fonda's great role of the idealist has shifted from the future to the present tense over the years. And the Fonda mouth, like the eyes, has changed also with the passage of years and the shift in tense; no longer vulnerable, it can be best described as contained, perhaps, even secretive -- whatever Henry Fonda has discovered on his road towards the future, he is not telling us, the audience. But the promise of that secret lingers in his performances, rests just behind that level, clear-eyed stare, and it is that promise which gives his latter-day role -- the Idealist as Realist -- its edge, its dramatic tension. Essentially, it comprises the heart of the Fonda Presence.

There are two other Fonda facets I have passed over -- out of sheer ignorance of their nature -- the Fonda of the stage and the Fonda of the light comedy.

And then there's the business of being the quintessential American; more than one critic has pointed out that Fonda is the ultimate American actor. The famous voice is right out of the heartland, the plain face and slightly stooped body straight from Lincolnia, and it is not surprising that his role mirrors our national character. Isn't the America that weathered the depression and World War II, a youthful America, relying on a boundless optimism? And the America of the Cold War and VietNam is the mature America, even the old America, of idealism tempered by reality, confronted with ashes in the future that once had seemed so hopeful.

One might further strain the already overstrained metaphor, and say that Fonda has given us the future of our present America as well -- if we look upon his children as extensions of his "performance". But in the end, I think it's enough to be grateful that Fonda has had the consideration to give us Fonda -- a major presence in the world of American film for over thirty-five years.

Mark Power

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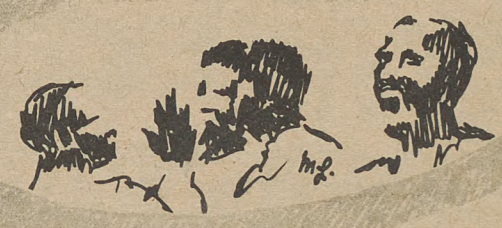

On Sunday, February 6 Compared To What will present a cross section of American gospel music in the auditorium of the Corcoran Gallery of Art. The show will be headed by the Colmanaires.

Gospel 72

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PERFORMANCE

Ned Chaillet

JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK By SEAN O'CASEY

at the Hartke Theatre

SEAN O'CASEY'S JUNO AND THE PAYCOCK is a play so bloody human that if the performers did nothing more than enter and read their lines the richness of the words would reveal a document of surpassing compassion and morality. This is not to say that a poor performance could not destroy the playwright's work, for a performance in the wrong key could tear the play to pieces, but it would be extremely hard to harm the play by underplaying.

Director Leo Brady has apparently recognized this in his usually sensitive production of the play at Catholic University's Hartke Theatre and the result is a calm, funny and sometimes stimulating performance minus some of the maudlin sentiment and minus some of the acerbic bite inherent in the story.

O'Casey's story of Catholic Ireland is timely in the context of current news stories from Northern Ireland and timeless in the historic sense of ordinary people in a storm of violence. At the center of the play, with family squabbles, family follies and the urge to survive, is the Boyle family. The play would entirely be their story in a rich, moral naturalism but for their place in time, the 1920's. It is inevitable that the specter of the Irish Republican Army swoop past, involving the tenement family and the tenement neighborhood in the struggles even then sweeping over Ireland.

Mrs. Boyle, the Juno of the play, is the eye of the Irish storm, continuing, adapting, pushing on through whatever arises, while her husband, "Captain" Jack, struts through the play as the "Paycock", a bird preening his moral feathers in a gaelic machismo that permits him to survive, like his drinking companion, "Joxer" Daly, through lubrication at the local pubs.

Daughter Mary is a girl with aspirations, a "union maid" choosing between the labor organizer, Jerry Devine, and the lawyer, Charlie Bentham who brings the Boyle family news of a large inheiritance which would seem to free "Captain" Jack from his endless escuses for not working. Brother Johnny, who brings the IRA into the home, is a bitter, physically twisted reminder of the struggles within Ireland with his missing arm and broken walk.

In this production, there are five Actor's Equity performers in a CU program that promises "professional" productions intermingled with purely student productions. In this case, it largely works for the good of the production, particularly through the skill of Robert Gerringer as Captain Jack and Edward McPhillips as Joxer. The entire level of production rises when they join a scene, as though the student actors were no longer students, but equals in experience. I of ten years is simple and predictable, concerning Alan, a surrogate-playwright for Wilson, and his trip to California to live with his father, a man who left Alan's mother when Alan was a child, and who now (ten years ago), has a new family with a new wife, Ronnie, two sons, Jerry and Jack, and two foster daughters, Penny and Carol, both Alan's age, around 17. The reason for Alan's reunion with his father is mainly so Alan can go to college in California and get to know his father. He quickly ends up going to college and getting a job, both full time, and runs head on into a full-scale family confrontation.

We're told about the family, introduced, in fact, both by narration and action, and the characters are made clear; Alan is earnest and concerned, Doug, the father, is mainly interested in cheesecake photography, which he develops himself; Ronnie is an understanding and tolerant new mother, Penny is a serious sister and Carol is a "whore". The two younger brothers are clear and simply, necessarily, younger brothers.

Why this should all matter to us isn't ever made very clear, however. Wilson's play is self-confessedly autobiographical, according to Alan who's been trying to tell the story in one fashion or another for the ten years of the memory cycle we're dealing with. He could never tell it properly, it seems, because the present continued to intrude on the telling, so the play in its form as Lemon Sky openly welcomes corrections and amendments from the characters. And they find it easy, reasonable to explain the mystery of every action, so that there will be no confusion, so that their staged presence can correct their staged past, charmingly, with humor, and distractinly.

As I see it, Wilson intended the use of frequent addresses to the audience to serve two dramatic purposes, one was to distance the sentimental tendencies of the play, thereby avoiding emotional involvement as condemned by Brecht, and the other was to allow an exact interpretation by qualifying the "playwright's" vision of the past with in-character explanations. Of course, the audience is always aware

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that the playwright is writing the qualifications, so that the vision is no nearer to a factual "truth" than an ordinary fourth wall melodrama. There is no likelihood that we will learn a personal "fact" from the performance, as is possible when Joan MacIntosh suddenly turns to speak to us in the Performance Group's Commune, but the direct addresses take advantage of a greater audience receptivity created by such groups as the Performance Group and The Living Theatre, where such personal "facts" were presented.

Even in here, however, it is interesting that Alan's father lacks the general access to correction that all the other characters take full advantage of, for we see him almost always as a depicted character, while even the "whore" Carol, dead these ten years, is allowed a very lively voice in the development of her stage character. At one point, the father even pulls Alan angrily away from an address to the audience and berates him for not paying attention. Attention to the life inside the play, that is, since he does not then admit the audience.

This failure of the father to communicate his "truth' leaves him in a very vulnerable position among all the soothsayers. The rational character is not brought into play here, and we can, must, perhaps, judge the life of the father differently. He suffers by this, and his behavior can be described as despicable, irrational and unreasonable when he ultimately orders Alan out of his home accusing him of perversion among other things, which we are given to understand, is just not so.

The play's design, though I believe it fails, is intelligent and thorough, with the exception of the father. Perhaps it would have worked better without the false-Verfrumdungseffeckt of the direct addresses, allowing us to place each character in the historical perspective of the 50's even if it might mean a lowering of our acceptance of Alan as a sympathetic figure. Although the play was presented in two acts, the program indicates that it's a three-act play, and it probably made more sense as one, ending each of the three acts with the natural disasters California is heir to, earthquake, fire and shattering of family ties.

The direction by Davey Marlin-Jones seemed to me to take full advantage of the elements of the play and the characters were richly portrayed for the most part, in almost an ensemble approach. My objections are to the play and the flimsiness of its central structure, but not to the playwright. Wilson seems a serious writer, interested in explorations in form, from his early Madness of Lady Bright to the current play and skilled in his use of language. He's already been the subject of at least one Master's thesis, and there's no reason to expect less than craftmanship from him in the future. Maybe there'll be new themes.

LEMON SKY By LANFORD WILSON

at the Washington Theatre Club

LIKE A NOVEL adapted for the stage, Lanford Wilson's Lemon Sky exists in the on-again off-again now through narration and direct addresses to the audience, and in the storied 1950's past through performance of remembered scenes and lines. The two styles, which should support and strengthen each other and lead to a theatrical wholeness by striving for the proper telling of the same story, are here, and I believe only partly by intention, warring with each other, each telling a different version.

The narrated tale, told from a temporal distance would imagine this to be the purpose of the experiment.

The steadfastness of the play's performance depends on Juno, played here by professional Geraldine Fitzgerald. While her performance is always accountable, she is sometimes too present, too distracting -- unless surrounded by Gerringer and McPhillips who respond to her performance by kicking the whole play up another level, and a fourth professional, Ruby Holbrook as a boozy neighbor lady who helps by fleshing out the "older generation" in a fashion that makes the distractions of the professional talents appear to be more a simple matter of the internal age of the O'Casey characters.

The key to the play is its demand for human compassion; for the pregnant Mary, for the traitorious Johnny and its companion demand, as phrased by Juno, that, "It's nearly time we had a little less respect for the dead, an' a little more regard for the livin'." For the struggles that rage around Juno's family, that maim and kill in her family, are really only incidental to the needs for her own survival, no matter what they may mean for Ireland in its history.

Morality and family life are twin means to this survival, though Juno's family is rapidly disintegrating around her, and the traditional moralities are shown as often false, through Pagan Catholic devotions that value creeds above human lives, making unwed Mary's sin greater than her value as a person, and permitting righteous betrayal of an Irish Republican to the English who kill him.

It's the pagan interpretation of creeds, however, rather than the creeds, which deny the morality, in O'Casey's vision, for as the blithe Paycock ignores real morality in his devotion to the bottle and the outward Catholic Church, and natty Charlie Bentham denies the basic humanism in the fashionable theosophical arguments he spouts, the less vocally devout Juno strives on with her human Christianity, and somehow she does survive.

As a final mention of the performers, I should include "non-professional" Dan Diggles, whose prissy Bentham strikes perfectly the right foreign note to this Irish tenement world caught up in the relentless rush of history.

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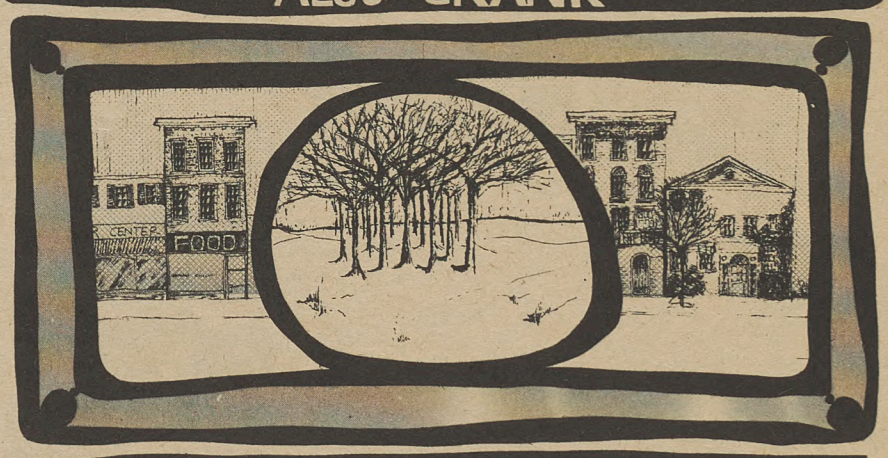

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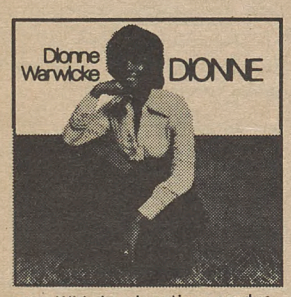
All these albums are also available on Ampex-Distributed Warner/Reprise Tapes. If You'd Like to Do Something, Do Register to Vote. Or Else.

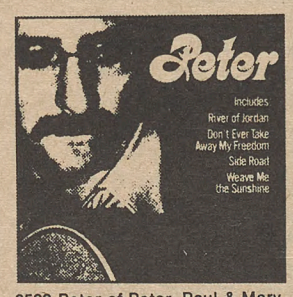
2032 Neil Young's first new album in almost two years. Friends Crosby, Stills, Nash, and others join in. Superb.



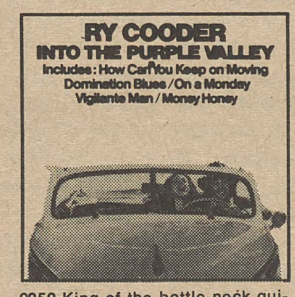
2585 With her longtime producers and writers — Burt Bacharach and Hal David — Dionne Warwicke can do no wrong.

2573 Stanley Kubrick's smash film is musically enthralling — "Switch On" Walter Carlos provides the stunning score.

2584 A brand new Latin-rock band led by Jorge Santana wails like something possessed. A new hit.



2599 Peter of Peter, Paul & Mary steps forward with a solo debut album that will leave you in very good shape.


RY COODER
INTO THE PURPLE VALLEY
Includes: How Can You Keep on Moving
Domination Blues / On a Monday
Vigilante Man / Money Honey

2052 King of the bottle-neck guitar is Mr. Cooder, and he turns his album into lean meat, even for jaded ears.

2050 One of the idols of the underground and the avant, in another cosmic assault on rock's frontiers. A must.

Tracy Nelson Mother Earth
Includes: The Same Old Thing / I Went to Lay Down Beside You / Someday My Love May Grow
I Don't Do That Kind of Thing Anymore

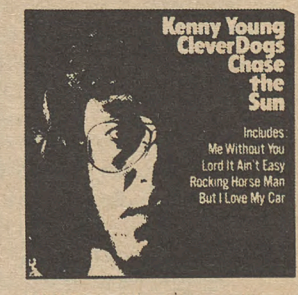
2054 Acknowledged as the best female singer in rock today, Tracy makes her solo debut here.

2059 The well known rock band comes forth with its second top album, and will score easily.

6476 Kenny Rogers' First Edition in a dramatic, 2 record set (specially priced) about silver mining days. Mfg's list $6.98.

2582 Stepping forth from the Grateful Dead is head guitarist Jerry Garcia in a stone smash of a solo debut.

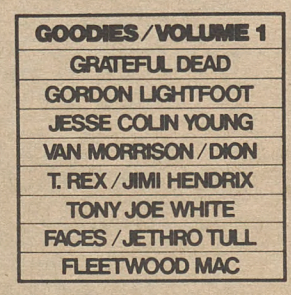
2578 Toronto, Canada, produces a hit rock group with a tight, hard sound, a living definition of 70's rock.



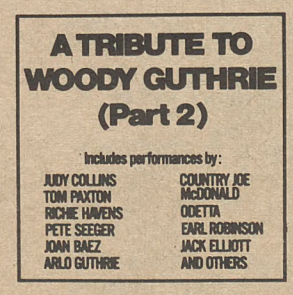
2579 The author of many hits — *Arizona; Under the Boardwalk; Silver Bird; Just a Little Bit Better* — in his own debut LP.

2048 Debut LP of the English group that persists in making London '66 music. Ultra, on the Bearsville label.

2572 Radio fans will love this compilation of 180 favorite themes from the Fibber McGee era. Two LPs $5.98 suggested price.



2575 Warner's best artist on one top album: Faces, Jethro Tull, Hendrix, the Dead, Lightfoot, and many others.



2586 Part II of the electrifying tribute concert, starring Judy Collins, Richie Havens, Joan Baez, Arlo, and many more.

2576 The hottest new group in London, it has England "roaring and raving." An easy-to-take debut album.

DOUG KERSHAW
SWAMP GRASS
Includes the title song plus:
From a Little Flirt Comes a Big Hurt
Zacharie / Cajun Funk / Louisiana Woman

2581 The Ragin' Cajan fiddles and sings through "Louisiana Man" and a swamp-full more. Gets you going.